

Women Must War on Labor Foes to Make Ballot of Value, Says "Mother" Jones

SEES CURE IN RIGHT VOTING

Victory Futile, Says 90-Year-Old Leader, If "Ownership of Bread" Is Lost.

"No nation can ever grow greater or more human than its womanhood and I am not expecting the millennium as a result of woman's privilege to vote," said Mother Jones, noted woman leader, here today.

"I am anxious to see women stand side by side with men in developing the human family, but all of the ballots in the world will not change conditions for the people's welfare unless attention is focused upon the disease causing the trouble."

"I was ninety years old on the 1st of May. Most of my years have been spent trying to humanize the race. I admit that I have been punished for my energy, for I spent seven months in a military prison. But out of my efforts has grown the Bureau of Child Labor. It is an accomplishment of which I am proud."

OWNERSHIP OF BREAD.
"I know Susan B. Anthony personally and, like her, was deeply interested in suffrage, but saw that the remedy did not lie altogether in the ballot. It lies in the field of economics, in the ownership of the bread. So I steered my craft over the stormy course of labor. I studied the effect of suffrage in Colorado, where they have been privileged to vote for twenty-eight years, and I saw no efforts made by them there to improve conditions of men who produce bread and are not permitted to eat it. I saw the women of Colorado in their apathy toward cruelty practiced by greedy corporations against the miners. Women had the ballot in those two States."

"The art of being kind is about all this world needs. One woman has more power than a hundred men, if this energy is rightly directed; but she needs the humanizing impulse more than the political one. I fear greatly that the ambition for political office the ballot suggests will turn her away from the human urge."

"To illustrate the power of womanhood in emergency: I had the good fortune to take part in the anthracite strike in 1900. About 5,000 men (scabs) had replaced striking miners. These 'scabs' were protected by the State militia, whose business it was to see that strike sympathizers did not persuade them to leave their work."

LEADS FROM THE ARMY.
"In two hours I persuaded the wives and daughters of the strikers to put working clothes on, to wear caps denoting servitude, to carry brooms, brushes, and feather dusters across their shoulders and to march with me to the mines, fifteen miles away."

"Two thousand strong, we reached the outpost of militia at 3 o'clock in the morning. Our first line was turned back by the colonel in command, who threatened to charge us with bayonets. I made appeal to the soldiers on behalf of the women whose husbands were striking for decent wage and bread for the children."

CONVERTS COLONEL.
"The colonel was first converted and allowed 5,000 miners to join us. We organized them before the break of day. It was an appeal to human sympathy that won."

"In 1903, 125,000 textile workers were on strike in Philadelphia. Twenty thousand were children under the age limit for work. Many had lost fingers, thumbs or hands. I gathered 8,000 of them in Independence Park and placed the most seriously crippled in the front ranks for the audience of fifty thousand to see. It was necessary to awake the sleepy public in this way. We took these children on a long hike to see President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay and we were feted in every city along the line. The people made large collections to help the strikers' cause. It is the touch

MOTHER JONES, ninety years old, who sees no victory in Woman's Ballot unless directed against economic conditions and used to right the wrongs of the industrial world.



of pity which makes the whole world kin.

"I entered the Alabama cotton mills where hundreds of white children under six years of age were working twelve to fourteen hours a day, just to get at the bottom of the industrial injustice. I now and then used to carry one home on my back. The public was not concerned, but out of this campaign has grown the Child Welfare Bureau and now the public is educated."

MISUSING THE BALLOT.
"The ballot was given to protect us from the invasion of the common enemy, but we have used it to establish power."

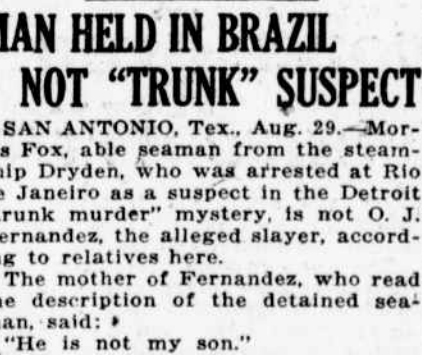
"Our statesmen want to get to the pie counter because it is a pie-counter age."

"One big steel man came to me in Pennsylvania and said: 'Mother Jones, what a power for good you could wield if you would come to us. Why don't you try to do good?'"

"That is what I am doing," I answered. "No," he said, "you are an agitator." "So," he said, "I replied, 'and Patrick Henry, and Jefferson and Lincoln, and I must include the Man from Galilee.'"

MAN HELD IN BRAZIL.
NOT "TRUNK" SUSPECT
SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Aug. 29.—Morris Fox, able seaman from the steamship Dryden, who was arrested at Rio de Janeiro as a suspect in the Detroit "trunk murder" mystery, is not O. J. Fernandez, the alleged slayer, according to relatives here.

The mother of Fernandez, who read the description of the detained seaman, said: "He is not my son."



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WHENEVER we can establish a close, helpful relationship with a small growing business that is building its foundations on solid business, we are especially glad of the opportunity.

It is only by getting to know business of this type thoroughly when it is young, and by maintaining this relation through each stage of growth that we are enabled to extend the enormous service facilities of this big 84-year-old bank without stint or question.

Come and form a permanent connection here while you are young. Hundreds of Washington's biggest businesses started with us in this way.

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Times Sob Sister Will Never Again Read 'Ads' To Get Quiet Vacation

By MARTHA WRIGHT.

The next time I want a quiet rest I'll either go to a Bolshevik convention or step across and lend a helping hand to the Poles.

The one place I won't go is to a summer boarding house whose principal advertised attractions are plenty of rest and quiet. I tried it once. And here and now, with my fingers crossed and otherwise protected against all incoming and outgoing hoodoos, I declare, aver and affirm, with Mr. Poe's raven—"Never more."

There are vacations—and vacations. In the words of the old rhyme—

"I got mine. Having weathered three or four months of hot Washington weather, and visioning a long, hard winter ahead, I passed up Atlantic City and Asbury Park and even 'Virginia Beach.' Too much excitement I told myself. What I want, or rather what I'm going to give myself, is a couple of weeks away off in some secluded corner of the world, away from the noise of the city and summer resorts, where the only jazz you hear is the song of the cricket and the cackle of exuberant hens, and where the chief excitement is eating three square meals a day and sleeping not less than ten perfectly good hours every night."

PICKED IT FROM AN "AD."
To repeat—I got mine. I selected—sight unseen—from an alluring advertisement in one of the New York papers, a place in what I knew to be—ordinarily, at least—a place of supreme quiet and undying rest. The ad didn't say anything about "dances every evening, jazz orchestra, moving pictures and other amusements." It told, on the contrary, of a quiet beach, and big shade trees, and good food and quiet, especially quiet.

I went. I saw. But I can't say with the old hero of old that "I conquered." Quite the opposite. I was I say it, unimpressedly conquered. I stayed ten days and then gave up the ghost and went into New York to see if somewhere among the wilds of Fifth Avenue and Broadway I couldn't find what my soul craved—quiet.

THE FOOD WAS GOOD.
I want to say right now—in all fairness—that there was at least one truth in that advertisement. The food was good. And at first things, generally speaking, looked rather auspicious for a well-earned rest. This in spite of the fact that the principal "boarders" were actors and actresses, with more or less uncertain voices, who seemed to have an idea that the early morning hours were for their numbers for the coming fall productions.

I didn't mind their dancing and sleeping all over the house and beaches. But I do love my morning sleep—especially when I'm on a vacation.

But even at that I could have forgiven the shimmying and the before-breakfast vocal exercises, if the French woman had her pet dog buried in the back yard. And he—of course, he wouldn't blackmail for anything—but he told her in a gentlemanly way that if she didn't let him have those trunks, he could easily remember where the dog was buried, and that there was a \$500 fine for such offenses.

The woman cried all over the place, and gurgled generally and temporarily about "my poor No-no," and told the man to take the trunks and get out, and to be quick about it.

And he got. And that was the third day. And, as I said, on the tenth day I went into "Ill old New York" seeking that rest which had been denied me, and now I'm back at work, recuperating generally.

HERE ENDETH SECOND DAY.
And that was the second day. The French woman was up bright and early the next morning to tell the actress cousin—whose room, unfortunately, adjoined mine—that she was a tattletale, and other worse things, and that she could get out of her house and that she needn't wait to put any powder on her nose before doing it.

The actress cousin—and her husband—left. Under the circumstances it seems that there was nothing else to do. But they struck a snag when they endeavored to get their trunks. The French woman said they owed her three weeks' board, and they'd get those trunks over her dead body, or words to that effect. And the actress cousin's husband went over and got the pop and then went into town and got a sheriff to collect the trunks.

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AFTER THE VICTROLA.
"I'm from the sheriff's office, and I want to get a victrola." My "news instinct" must have asserted itself at this point. I threw the saccharine novel aside, and sat up and took notice. Being of a sleuthing nature generally, I decided that there was housed in that home of "rest and quiet" one of those ignominious objects—the kind of victrola they deposit in your home for a small payment with promise of payment every once in awhile. I judged also that "every once in awhile" hadn't come often enough in this case, and that this man was there to remove the machine once and for all from the house in which it had been so generously deposited.

And that's what he was there for. But evidently in his calculations he had neglected to consider the French temperament. He got a taste of it. The mad scene from Hamlet was a somnambulist performance when compared with the performance that ensued inside that house.

DIDN'T HAVE HIS BADGE.
Those French people had had that victrola for five years, and they didn't intend to give it up—without a struggle at any rate. Moreover they told that sheriff so. And they told him he wasn't a sheriff anyway. And one among them—an actor with a ticklish toe and a legal turn of mind—challenged him to show his badge. And he didn't have one, by gosh!

It had any melodrama I ever saw backed off the theatrical stage. Picture it if you can. Disheveled but triumphant, French woman hissing her hal hal at the disgruntled sheriff who is forced to make an ignominious retreat amid the shouts and laughter of the collected forces. For by this time all the actors and actresses had gathered round and were joining in the merry-making.

Picture also if you can, the sheriff turning as he slinks out the door, and hissing back: "I'll be back—and I'll have my badge. Don't forget that!"

COME BACK WITH GOLD ONE.
Of course, nobody thought he'd come back. But he did. Again this time he came when I had settled myself in the hammock for an afternoon siesta. And he had a gold badge and a pistol that closely resembled a howitzer. When he pulled the gun the actors evaporated and the French woman backed into a corner, and they took the victrola off in a taxi. And the cop who had been called in from the corner to preserve the peace at the morning performance said there was nothing to do but let him take it.

And that was the first day. Other events of more or less passing interest occurred on the following morning. But I'll be quiet until the evening when I had gone to my

TODAY

(Continued from Page One.)

is not even fit to associate with the chimpanzee. Let him think that over.

What causes a bad ending to many marriages that start well? Metchnikoff, who succeeded to the great Pasteur's scientific leadership in Paris, gave one explanation of marital unhappiness in middle age. He says women retain their vital energy long after men have lost theirs. In consequence, according to his theory, middle aged wives, often unjustly suspect middle aged husbands of indifference, or faithlessness or both, when the poor middle aged husband is in reality all tired out, an electric battery run down and beyond hope of recharging.

Middle aged wives perhaps might answer that if the husbands had behaved better and lived more sensibly at the age of twenty-five they would not be so tired and dull at fifty. It is a difficult question.

"HE SAID, SHE SAID, ETC."
It seemed that a man "down the street" who was a cousin of one of the actresses that honored the place with her presence had heard that the French woman who honored the boarding house by running "it" had said that "he and his wife weren't married!" Shocking, isn't it? But what can a man do in a case like that but fight?

And he came to see that French woman prepared for battle. The most I can say is that there wasn't any shooting. The least I can say is that "pandemonium reigned supreme." It seems that the French woman hadn't said it, or said she hadn't said it.

She tried to explain that it was the actress cousin who had said that man wasn't there to argue. He was there to fight. And it took the collected and recruited force of actors and actresses to keep him from it. Things settled down about midnight or nearly so, and in spite of the indignation attacks of the French woman, which were intermittently wafted up the stairs, I managed to doze.

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And that was the second day. The French woman was up bright and early the next morning to tell the actress cousin—whose room, unfortunately, adjoined mine—that she was a tattletale, and other worse things, and that she could get out of her house and that she needn't wait to put any powder on her nose before doing it.

The actress cousin—and her husband—left. Under the circumstances it seems that there was nothing else to do. But they struck a snag when they endeavored to get their trunks. The French woman said they owed her three weeks' board, and they'd get those trunks over her dead body, or words to that effect. And the actress cousin's husband went over and got the pop and then went into town and got a sheriff to collect the trunks.

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step, than the value of her judgment.

Mr. Vance Thompson goes too far in his indictment of man's treatment of woman. Here's a sample.

"Having made her all female, he calls her a female, and then having made her all sex, he calls her the sex."

"There was unspeakable cruelty in man's method of forcing the woman to become female, all sex and eternally sex. He lengthened her hair and shortened her legs, he flattened her back; in fact, by sexual selection, he so deformed and enlarged her sex distinctions, that in the ages she began to lose her human form, she became smaller, weaker, rounder; she almost ceased to be woman; she was a female; she was, in a word, a Strasbourg goose."

"She was kennelled and harnomed in sex."

That is overstatement. Nature made women fatter because obliged to nourish unborn children as well as themselves. They needed extra fat to carry them through the winter, through starvation periods.

The women drawn by cave dwellers more than a hundred thousand years ago were fatter than any other race of women living now, except perhaps, the Hottentot girls, purposely fattened at the marriage age.

It is waste of time, however, to discuss the past and its mistakes. What can be done to make marriage more of a success today?

Is there anything in "Miss Fanny Hurst's suggestion that the wife should keep her maiden name, call herself "Miss" and, like Fanny Hurst, have breakfast with her husband only twice a week. Let us hope that is not the solution. The lower kind of wild animals are interested in each other only once a year. Is that a good plan?—Human beings, living here for

a few short years, with an eternity of possible separation just ahead of them, ought to be able to have breakfast together every day without spoiling marriage.

As the earth becomes more fully populated, so that eventually no woman will be allowed more than two children, to replace father and mother, the best women will have time and energy for work outside of the family. Energy released from the strain of child bearing (remember that in the past the average woman has had at least fifteen children) will develop in women mental power on a scale that will put her as far ahead of men mentally as she is now ahead morally. That will help to solve the problem of "marriage success." Man, obliged to acknowledge himself the inferior, will be grateful for what he gets, and content to remain faithful.

You notice that the young courtier who bows and scrapes before the king still bows and scrapes before that same king in old age. He doesn't ask for a change in kings, he is satisfied with what the king can give him. So it will be with husbands some day. The old husband will be content with the old wife as the old courtier is content with the old king.

If you have any plan, idea, or suggestion for making marriage a more complete success, immediately write your views to the editor of this newspaper. He will certainly be glad to read them, and perhaps publish them.

LOTTIE PICKFORD, SISTER OF MARY, GETS DIVORCE
LOS ANGELES, Aug. 29.—Without consent of Alfred C. Rupp, New York broker, Lottie Pickford Rupp, movie star, was granted a divorce here yesterday on charges of desertion and non-support.

Proceedings were brief. Both Miss Pickford and her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, testified.

DE LA CROIX BEGINS DUTIES.
Prime Minister de la Croix, of Belgium, has taken over the portfolio of foreign affairs, the State Department was advised today.

TRY THESE TWO MODERN ELECTRICAL SERVANTS—

DEMONSTRATION AT YOUR HOME—OR OUR STORE FREE

COFFIELD Silent Electric WASHER

Let the COFFIELD Electric Washing Machine take your hands and shoulders the drudgery of wash-day. See how it will speed up your work—how it will improve the appearance of your laundry work—how it will save you time, labor and money.

A 12-inch SWINGING WRINGER, built in a position to be most handy; a HEAVY COPPER OSCILLATING TUB—tinned inside to prevent collection of dirt, grit and soapy sediment.

These and many other exclusive features if once demonstrated, we believe, will influence you to prefer the COFFIELD in place of any similar electric washer for sale today. HAVE US DEMONSTRATE.



If you decide to keep your Coffield, pay only **\$10 DOWN** and the balance in small monthly installments.

APEX Electric Suction CLEANER

The Apex cleaner takes the sameness out of housekeeping. It does the disagreeable cleaning tasks with ease and thoroughness. The Apex inclined nozzle reaches clear under radiator, davenport, buffet, china closet and other hard-to-move objects. The divided nozzle of the Apex cleans evenly and thoroughly and only the Apex can do these things.

The strong even suction of the Apex gathers all surface dirt and draws the deeply imbedded gritty particles right out of rugs and carpets. Two hundred and fifty thousand housewives find the Apex almost indispensable in their homes and the number is increasing daily. Start housekeeping right—TRY the Apex. HAVE US DEMONSTRATE.

You decide to keep your Apex, Pay only **\$5 DOWN** and the balance at ONLY \$5 A MONTH.

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